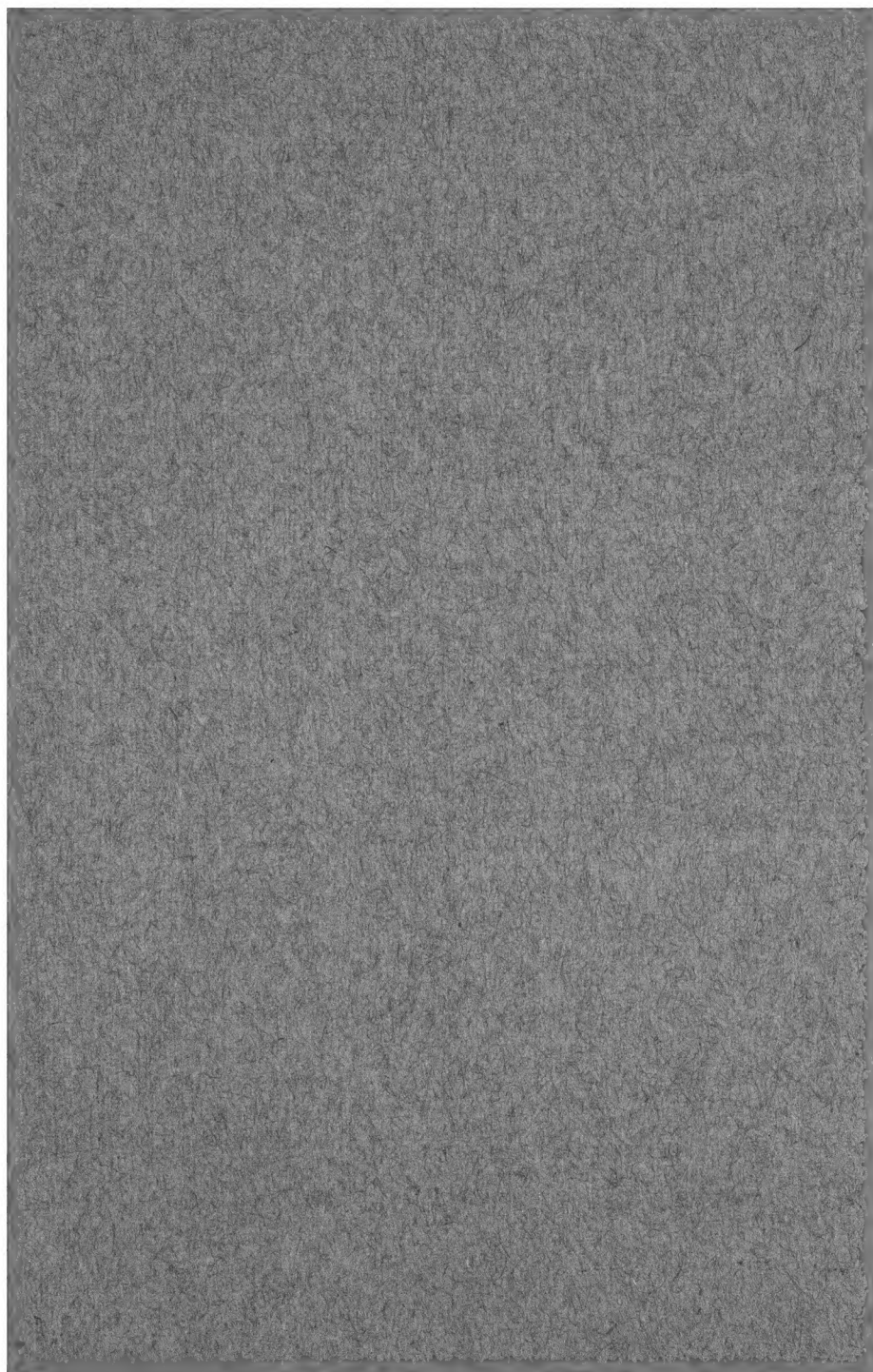


Bramshott Breezes.



A Souvenir

6d.



BRAMSHOTT BREEZES

A SOUVENIR

BY

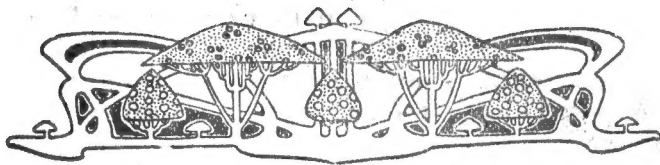
D. BRUCE MOORHEAD

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EDITORIALY.

"Time and the hour run through the longest day," and so even the most protracted winter eventually gives place to blithesome spring, when the little birds coo their love ditties and the youthful fancy "lightly turns to thoughts of love." Spring, comrades, is really here with the units of primrose beauty and violet shyness up to full strength, fully equipped with a generous issue of green. Truly the hearts turns to thoughts of love, whether the heart be youthful or more matured. Love of the blue sky, love of the big outside, love of a wholesome nature, that lifts the depression of Winter to the glorious inspiration of Spring.

It little matters what your occupation may be, along the higher plane or in the more humble by-ways of the simple life. Nature throbbing with harmony makes even man conform ; and reach up to a better ideal with the little plants struggling sun-ward.

Smallwonder then if even the war-worn "Tommy" open the "windows of his soul" and lets "a little sunshine in." A sunshine that floods the gloomy chambers of separation from all he may hold near and dear.

However, this gap of separation can easily be bridged these charming days. It is but a small effort of imagination to transplant the sunshine to the waving prairie and rolling foot-hills of Dear Old Canada. Then with closed eyes we can substitute the happy bickerings of natures' "little things" for those of our own land, and lo ! we are home again.

It would be unfair to term us sentimental, an emotion, supposedly, to be unworthy of a true soldier. Someone has said :—"the bravest are the tenderest." This is quite as likely to be true as the contention that we are sentimental.

We all have a deep-rooted love for "British Fair Play," and that coupled with the game at stake makes Spring's welcome inspiration a useful ally. It will surely stimulate us to the effort we will some day have to make.

Life is at best a matter of clouds and sunshine. We endure the drab days in the hope of the sunshine of to-morrow. Another worthy proverb says :—"Make hay while the sun shines." In obedience to this unwritten law we have accordingly made, not hay, but verse. This influence, with the help of a ready brush has enabled us to mix a delightful mixture of the abstract and the concrete.

Perhaps some comrade with desire to analyse may "scan" the verse and find it lacking? Perchance his artistic temperament may receive a rude shock, when he discovers the meter does not conform to K. R. and O. ? Mayhap one may find fault with the "technique" of both verse and etching; but one word to him, we do not profess to be either artist or poet; but under the influence of Spring have indulged in our respective hobbies.

The result of our combined efforts is BRAM-SHOTT BREEZES. Breezes, comrades, from every day life, and while the verse may be merely "doggerel," the subject matter is something which you all are familiar with.

We would ask you to be lenient, for, inasmuch as we profess nothing, we cannot be placed in the category of the artist, who vouches for his work. We have tried to give you something which you may appreciate in after life. Appreciate because of the long chain of memories it will undoubtedly awaken. Memories of the good fellowship that existed in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and the good fellows that stood

shoulder to shoulder with you and "played fair." Memories, boys, of our sorrows, our disappointments, but better still the good times we had, and the friendships we enjoyed.

So while we have misgivings, as to the technique we employed, we feel we can submit our souvenir, **BRAM-SHOTT BREEZES**, with a certain degree of assurance. We are more than persuaded the boys will accept this attempt in the same spirit in which it was written, a reminder in days to come. Days, Johnny Canuck, we will spend back in **CANADA**, the little old country that's worth every ounce of loyalty and effort we can make on her behalf. The country that sent us forth, secure in the knowledge that her sons can "Be British" and so long as breath remains, will "Never let the old Flag fall."





"Who's Going to Settle."

WHO'S GOING TO SETTLE.

There's a little quarter section that's growing up in weeds,
I squatted there some years ago and stayed to get the deeds.
The binder's getting rusty and the shares are off the plough,
But what's the use of worrying, we're in the Army now.

There's leagues of virgin prairie that's basking in the sun,
There's water oozing in the slough, for glorious Spring has
 come,
And the little birds are mating and exchanging marriage vow,
But what's the use of longing, we're in the Army now.

There's cuss words coming handy, and not a word of cheer,
There's rain that's falling lively, and a fellow's feeling queer,
We stop and think of Homeland with the laurels on her
 brow,
But what's the use of swearing, we're in the Army now.

I can see the crocus nodding, and can hear the meadow-lark,
And the growchy bull-frog croaking just a little after dark ;
I struggle with the memory and stop and wonder how,
I've time for paltry visions, for we're in the Army now.

But visions keep on coming in spite of K. and R.,
And we cherish every picture even if there is a war,
We'd like to dream a little more if time would but allow,
But someone shouts " Attention," for we're in the Army now.

There's a German back of " Dead Man's Hill " with medals
 on his breast,
With a number fifty waist-band and a number thirty chest,
He's sitting eating saurkraut, a present from his " Frau,"
And I guess we'll make him settle, 'cause we're in the Army
 now.



"St. John's by Moonlight."

ST. JOHN'S BY MOONLIGHT.

The winter moon in conscious glory flung,
It's shafts of gorgeous beauty far and wide.
The mist in frozen hesitation hung,
Helplessly hovering, till the moon, in pride,
Winged every mistlet with a glow of light
That beamed a saucy challenge to the night.

The old grey church in silence stood aloof
Save where the snow that eddied on the roof,
Sent sparkling greetings dancing thro' the air
Back to the mother light, and everywhere,
The frosted spruce, in silence, by the dead,
From tip to trunk a glorious radiance shed.

And as I gazed enraptured at the sight,
The perfect blend of intermingling light,
I revelled in another harmony,
A scroll divine I saw unfold to me.

No work succeeds—devised by man alone,
Mans' labour was the church, the grave, the stone,
The church of God, his hope, the grave his end,
The size of stone the measure of his friend.

THE MAN WHO FIGHTS AT HOME.

There's many a chair stands vacant in our sunny land to-night
For the boys have joined the colours, they have gone away
to fight.

And I'm glad the tugging's over for it was a sorry strain
When they bade us all a last good-bye, and caught the
troopers' train.

I'm just a common man myself, and could ill afford my lad,
The comfort of his mother and a credit to his dad.
But when he came to tell us his name was then enrolled,
Well it doesn't pay to argue, and it wouldn't do to scold.

I was thinking in the garden, and feeling pretty blue,
When backward in my years I went, till I stopped at
twenty-two.
And I felt again the fire of youth for just a thought or so
And I knew if I was young again, I'd surely want to go.

And then the scene it shifted to a cottage on a hill,
I breathed again the prayer I prayed when Mary said "I
will,"
And O the joys and troubles, the sorrows, that we had,
And how we scraped and slaved and saved to educate the lad.

So he has joined the colours, in the service of his King,
Gone the voice that always cheered us, lost to us its welcome
ring ;
And we miss the stalwart figure striding homeward just at eve
But it doesn't do to worry, and it's hardly fair to grieve.

And mother's knitting stockings pretending not to care,
There's devotion in her stiches that bespeaks of silent prayer,
She's a quiet little martyr but she always did believe,
'Twas better in the long run "to give than to receive."

At first I raved about the war, the Kaiser and his host,
And grudged the boy I'm giving till I thought of England's
boast ;
That ever in a goodly cause, She'd stand with all her might
And I thought of little Belgium, so then I knew 'twas right.

Now I think of He who rules the waves and holdeth in His
hand,
The destinies of nations whether they shall fall or stand,
So I leave the matter with Him, for 'tis treason I should say
To question the Almighty or to wonder at His way.

And when the boys are marching past, to do their little bit,
With muscles bending to their tasks, each fellow looking fit,
I'm proud my lad could see his way and though I often long
I think I'm almost happy cause he's got the khaki on.



"Harvest Leave."

HARVEST LEAVE.

Altho' our hearts with longing burn,
Until I see those car wheels turn,
Then, only then, will I believe,
That we are gone on Harvest Leave.

And when I reach that stubble field,
A three-pronged fork to bravely wield,
I'll feel so good, I'll feel so free,
So far away from all "C.B."

At 4 a.m. the rooster crows,
But thank the Gods no bugle blows,
No "non-com" comes with lusty shout,
And bawling roars, "Come boys, turn out."

And when I wake from fearful dreams,
I do not think of Boston Beans,
Or worry over awful "junk,"
Or stick my knife in bakers' "punk."

But rather see the home-made bread,
The fragrant breakfasts' generous spread,
The eggs, the milk, the cut of ham,
Preserves to take the place of jam.

Instead of swearing orderly,
A woman pours the steaming tea,
Instead of struggling for a place,
We start with, perhaps, a word of grace.

Since I have joined the volunteers,
I've lost my self-esteem,
I thought they'd welcome me with cheers,
But that was just a dream.

A corporal "jawed" me for a week,
A sergeant said I was a freak,
And so they have persuaded me,
That what I am is most N.G.

And then I stop and meditate,
Upon my past and present state,
And wonder if I'd better go
To "Sunny France" to fight the foe.

Or stay at home and hoe the corn,
And serve my country thus,
Or chore around a little farm,
Far from the smoke and fuss.

But back to nature is the cry
Of man who's lost his grip,
So me for fields of wheat and rye,
I'll have to make the trip.

And there among the golden grain,
I'll ponder all alone,
My lost esteem I may regain,
In the fields at "Home sweet Home."

So back to Sewell see me come,
No doubt sometimes I'll blunder,
But I'll have solved my little sum,
I'm man as well as number.

EDITOR'S NOTE :—Many of the old
Sewell boys will recall those anxious days
before "Harvest Leave" was granted. For
the benefit of these boys we delved into our
files and brought the above to light.—ED.

NOISE.

When I was but a "civie," a thing I loathed indeed,
Was an article which often proved a faithful friend in need,
And ever "at attention," on the little dresser shelf,
It ticked away the seconds and was tickled with itself.

Its countenance was candid, it ever mirrored truth,
Its manners were ungentle, in fact they were uncouth ;
It raised its voice when silence would have suited you instead,
But it never failed in making you spring "cussing" out of bed.

And so in early morning, at noon and just at eve,
It told you when to catch the car and when you ought to
leave,
And faithful in the dawning as the crowing of the cock,
You might bank on "Jingle-jangles" from your "Big Ben"
clock.

But since I've joined the Army, I've discovered just a few,
Noises that can irritate, and stab you thro' and thro'.
Once I swore at "Benny" when he called from off the stand,
But O, the words I've lavished on the bugle band.

When the bugles go "rèveille," and "tommy" rubs his eyes,
And groans until his breathing developes into sighs,
'Tis safe to bet no other noise can make you rage as hard,
It's enough to put a fellow in an isolation ward.

And yet there is another noise, the king-pin of them all,
The doughty bugler blushes when he blows his bugle call,
For the whistling fiddling bag-pipes demand the right of way,
Especially when the piper is learning how to play

Years ago an Irishman with a smile upon his face,
Took a pair of pipes to Scotland, I just forget the place,
Of course for fun he did it, and much to our regret,
We often think that Scotty hasn't seen the joke as yet.



"Burst Bubbles"

BURST BUBBLES.

Did you ever build a house of cards with most infinite care,
And watch the growing turrets climb slowly in the air ;
And with the task completed, one can't suppress a frown,
When some confounded idler, just smiles and knocks it down.

Did you ever nurse a rule of life and wrap it up secure,
From every petty argument, opponents may procure,
And wake to find it true enough, but useless and ignored,
We wince and feel discouraged for the oppositions scored.

Once we thought a volunteer was a man who hated cant,
Who fought for only liberty to relieve, distress and want,
And so with such ideals to prompt him on his way,
Its hard when some iconoclast, lets in the light of day.

I remember, I remember, my bold heart lost a beat,
When to serve my King and Country, I signed the fatal sheet,
I could see the distant trenches, and a flush of rage did burn,
Upon my noble visage, when someone said : "RIGHT
TURN !"

And behold me nothing daunted, reporting to the square,
Content to take my orders, resolved to "do and dare."
Again I pictured battles and engaged in thoughts sublime,
But the vision quietly slipped away, for I was "MARKING
TIME."

That rasping voice was silent, and lo, I "stood at ease,"
Which means in army language, just any way you please.
Again a day-dream came to me, I saw the fearful "Hun,"
But I lost my blooming balance when the sergeant hollered
"SHUN!"

For weeks in desperation I clung with foolish pride,
To all my old-time fancies but the truth one cannot hide ;
To dream of future glories, we cannot term a fault,
But it's rather rough on visions with a " non-com " yelling
" HALT."

A hoary sage in truth did speak and to the world did say,
" Indulge in dreams and visions but use them but to-day.
Tomorrow brings a circumstance that can upset your view,
And when you jar a cherished thought, it hurts you through
and through."

Theory is a fickle bird, seductive in extreme,
We sacrifice the practical to keep a pleasing dream,
It's nice to be a patriot, who couldn't stay and shirk,
But get the thought that soldiering, involves a lot of work.

And so at length you win along to be a soldier true,
The inspiration still is there, resolve to "dare and do,"
And just another little tip, my lad when you enlist,
Don't lose your dreaming habit, but wait till you're
"DISMISSED."

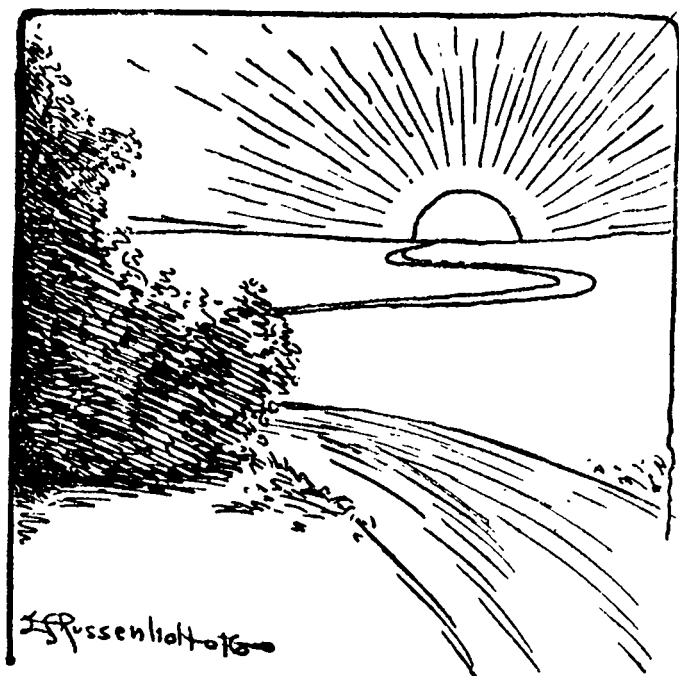
THERE'S A REASON.

Even the best of the man who is man,
Will tumble from grace and end with a "can,"
But there's times when the best will stand unrebuked,
We sympathize roundly and say that he "fluked."

There's times when I've smiled, and times when I've laughed
But never, no never when they call for a draft :
There's too much at stake, you will all agree,
It's a signal for farewells that ends with a spree.

For fellows go out you have learned to respect,
The comrades that smiled at the Princess of Teck :
Who've roughed it, and bluffed it, and toughed it I guess,
And they'll meet with a Hun who will leave no address.

So here's to the boys ; God speed on your way,
And we speak just another, " Here's to The Day,"
That we farewell old sorrow and good-bye old grief,
And here's to to-morrow, and the old Maple Leaf.



"The Long Trail."

THE LONG TRAIL.

On the edge of the world the sun's last rays,
Set the clouds aflame and the sky ablaze,
And the lingering light in reluctant mood,
Caressingly fondled the plain and wood.
The blackbird chorus, a thousand strong,
Sang to the light a farewell song ;
'Twas no idle praise the blackbirds sang,
'Neath all the volume a music rang,
A beautiful touching harmony
Like to an organ's melody.

The ribbon-like trail insistant came,
Listlessly lurching across the plain,
Ever it lay thro' rain and snow,
A beckoning beacon, " Westward Ho ! "

Full many a youth in Grange and Hall
Had hearkened the " Long Trail's " siren call,
And forth had fared to pay the price
Or fall by the way a sacrifice.

'Twas no idle joke or artful jest
The " Long Trail " made in pointing west,
It spoke of toil of long endeavour,
It told of partings, bonds, to sever.

It stopped the careless with happy knack,
Drew lurid pictures and turned him back
For of weary miles the Long Trail spoke
And it called for youth with "Hearts of Oak."

So the lusty youth with the smiling face,
In the heart of the Long Trail won a place,
And the Lonely Trail with counsel wise,
Gave the youth a glimpse of paradise.

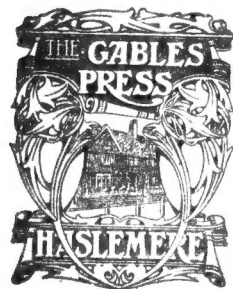
Of plains that rolled from the mountain ridge,
Of forest that crept to the Arctic edge,
Of happy homes of pastures sweet,
Of bursting corn and waving wheat.

And behold the youth hope, beating high,
With the Long Trail's picture in his eye,
Went to the West and with other youth;
Made the Long Trail's picture a lasting truth.

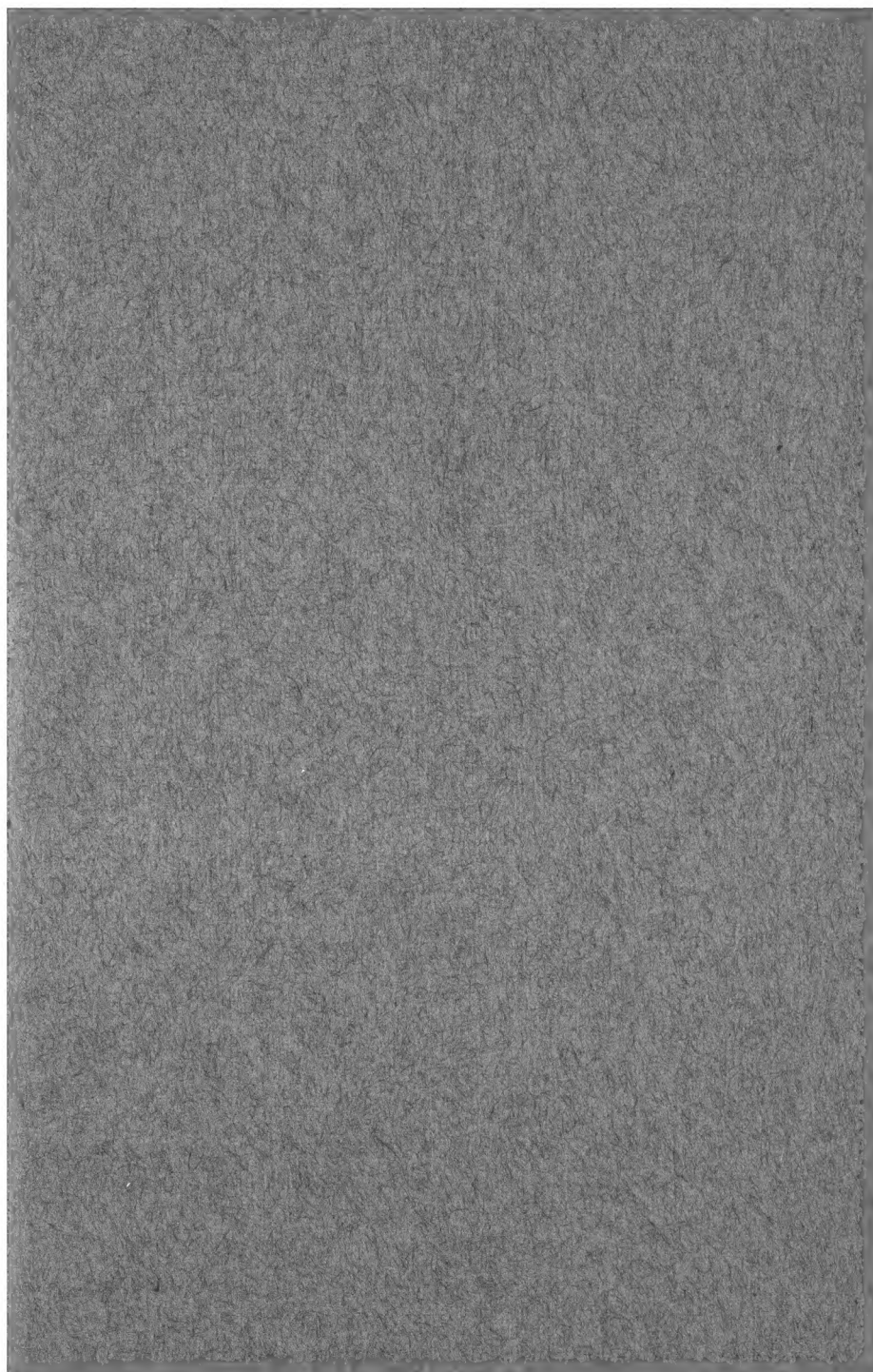
So ever a trail will point the way,
That leads to the dawn of a better day,
And ever a youth with a high ideal,
With unwavering faith and unflagging zeal,
Will tread that path with a dream as guide,
And finding his labour, there abide
Till honest effort and quick decision,
Will make that place as like his vision,
As man can do in his little time,
For his work is human but his dream DIVINE.



PRINTED AT



SURREY, ENGLAND



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